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Mayflies

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Mayflies

In a thick purple twilight
mayflies rise from the floor of the lake.
Born in mud, they live a dark life
until a message is delivered by something
we still don't understand. A tapping
perhaps, a slight heart squeeze
something such as *home* can give.
Their lives on the wing are small,
and by the second sloughing of *chitin*
their ecstasy begins to die
like the sun behind our mountain.
Walking back through the dark
we see them swirl about the porch light
snow blind in the work of a quieter world.
By their very slightness these small things endure
and drift in triumph against our door.